



SINATRA
a man alone

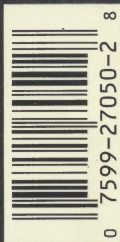
the words & music of

McKUEN

- A Man Alone (3:45)
 Night (2:20)
 I've Been To Town (3:11)
 From Promise To Promise (1:25)
 The Single Man (3:00)
 The Beautiful Strangers (2:40)
 Lonesome Cities (3:15)
 Love's Been Good To Me (3:25)
 Empty Is (2:15)
 Out Beyond The Window (2:45)
 Some Traveling Music (2:35)
 A Man Alone (Reprise) (1:29)



WARNING: The music on this Compact Disc was originally recorded on analog equipment, prior to modern noise reduction techniques. This Compact Disc preserves, as closely as possible, the sound of the original recording, but its high resolution also reveals the limitations in the master tape, including noise and other distortions. Reprise Records, a Time Warner Company, 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505-4694, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019-6908. © 1969 Reprise Records for the U.S. and WEA International Inc. for the world outside of the U.S. Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws.



Words and Music by Rod McKuen
 This album composed especially
 for Frank Sinatra

Produced by Sonny Burke
 Assoc. Producer: Rod McKuen
 Arranged and conducted by Don Costa
 Recorded in March, 1969,
 at Western Records, Hollywood, California
 Engineer: Lee Herschberg
 Cover photos: John Bryson
 Booklet photo: Hy Fujita
 Art direction: Ed Thrasher

Manufactured for Bristol Productions

AAD

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- 2 Night* (2:20)
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Words and Music by Rod McKuen

Published by Editions Chanson Co. ASCAP except "I've Been To Town" and "Love's Been Good To Me" published by Almo Music Corp. ASCAP

*From "In Someone's Shadow" by Rod McKuen

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FRANK SINATRA An Appreciation

Running
jumping
standing still,

Frank Sinatra is the tallest man I know.
Sitting down

his feet go dragging through the clouds,
and anyway we heard him one night singing
"Fly Me To The Moon" from the moon.

After that
even though you call him Frank
you wonder if you'll ever earn the right
to do so.

He's tall because he stoops to help
and bends to give,
and because while going down his own road
he's always had the time
to cut the underbrush
for those who came along behind him.

Sometimes in turning he falls down
and hardly anybody picks him up but him.

He gets up always
taller than he was a day ago.

Meeting him the first time out
you know that he could tear a wall down
with his eyes.

Later on you learn he's much too busy
building bridges to think about destruction.

Still you're wary.
Isn't this the man you've read about
who punches up the press
and chews up shadows
like a jackhammer biting into streets?
Be careful.

He smiles then.
I don't know like who.
Like nobody ever did or will.

You go away that first time thinking
maybe you don't want to write songs anymore
for anybody else but him.

Another time
you meet and talk of trains
and Alec Wilder.

You drink a lot.
In the early hours
he stays listening to Respighi
while you crawl home to bed.
He worries you because he has so much
(I don't mean jet airplanes)
and thinks he has so little.

What can you give a man
who's given several worlds of pleasure
to as many people?

The morning paper.
But wouldn't that deprive the doorman
of his daily honor?
How many Frank Sinatra's do I know?
Another every day.

The one whose gentleness to women
touches on the renaissance.

I honestly believe
he's never met a woman yet
he thought to be a tramp.

There's the family man
concerned about his children.
Helping never pushing.
(Good God, his son does not
make records for Reprise.)

He's the father
who waited till his eldest
made it on her own
to sing a song with her.

The only man
to make that laughing face
smile on consistently.

Tina's lost her luggage
on her way to Bangkok,
and so he spends all Independence Day
calling airports round the world.

The fighter?
Hmmm.

Christ the public can be mean!
One night while on the town
I saw him baited
half a dozen times.

He smiled and signed his name.
Nobody got a bloody nose
or his picture in *The Daily News*.
But I for one
would hate to see his eyes turn orange,
even if it is his favorite color.

Still you get the feeling
that when in doubt
he beats up on himself.

Who else goes home to Hoboken
and makes it back to California
two days and twenty million later.
So he is a businessman.

(Remember that and you forget
his Oscars number two, not one.)

Guts should be his middle name,
not Albert.

Sometimes I think that he invented guts
inside and out.

Hearing him announce at fifty
"September's quite a time,"
you're well aware of generation gaps
he's pulled together with his hands.

Yet something
(maybe monkey glands)
has kept him more than young at heart.
His mind's as new as noon tomorrow.
I have it.

Jack Daniels must have pickled him
circa nineteen-forty-three.
But why does he sing better every day?
Why are there new humble cycles
and pride that boasts I did it My Way?
He did you know.

We have every one of us
doing it his way to prove it.

He invented singing,
and every time he sings
he's giving lessons.

It comes to this.
Whatever kind of man he is,
whoever made us
made just one of him.

You have to love him.
I leave the reasons up to you.

I've set down some of those I have
within the words and music here
and Frank Sinatra sings these songs with love.
Almost as though he owned them.
I guess he does now, dammit.

As any different drummer,
Sinatra *is* a man alone.
Sometimes I think he laughs
to keep from crying.

Forget it.
I'm no Sigmund Freud.
I know a few things only.

Today I know a man
hidden in the California hills
who's spoiled for good
because another man he loved
gave new dimensions to his children.

My children are my songs
and those within this album
all have brand new shoes.

ROD MCKUEN
June, 1969

The phrases do not come readily to mind that can paint in type a portrait of a man whose likeness shifts in the shadows as restlessly as that of Frank Sinatra. The problem is compounded when the moment comes for verbalizing the accomplishments of a man such as Rod McKuen, whose life is built on the eloquent imagery of his own words.

The conjunction of these two men's gifts in some degree fortuitous, partially planned. For McKuen ("I was the original Frank Sinatra fan") it was a climactic achievement toward which he had aspired for years. The partnership seemed logical, if not inevitable, for both are twentieth century bards who see life in the same colors, find in it the same sensory textures. Sometimes the line between poet and performer becomes blurred as you wonder which is the true loner:

A man who listens to the trembling of the trees...a man who still goes walking in the rain, expecting love again...a man who knows love is seldom what it seems-only other people's dreams...

"It's either of us. I identify with Frank because we are both essentially loners. This is not the same as being lonely; a loner is a man who wants to move along without encumbrances. Frank is a gentle man but a moveable target, a product of mass adulation. It's murder, being on all the time, as he has to be..."

Empty?...don't talk to me about empty...

"How it all came about? Well, he's a good friend of my publisher, Bennett Cerf. Weekending at the Cerfs' home, he heard a pressing of the sound track of a movie I had scored, *Joanna*. He expressed a desire for us to get together. Phyllis Cerf arranged it for my 35th birthday, April 29, 1968.

"I had tried for years to reach Frank; wrote songs with him in mind, but could never get to him. When we finally met, instead of offering to do just one or two, he promised me an entire album-which he'd never done before for any other composer. It was incredible..."

We go from day to day and we move from promise to promise...I've had a good many promises now, so I can wait for the harvest...

It took a year for the crop to ripen, and for their busy schedules to coincide. Between scoring sessions for another film, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, McKuen recorded demonstration versions of his songs for Sinatra. "I used a 36 piece orchestra. I figured if he didn't like the songs, I'd wind up with the best and most expensive demos ever made."

One night at the Cerfs', Sinatra listened in silence to the record. Quietly he said: "You really got inside me."

*There's a few more lonesome cities that I've yet to see
There's a few more pretty women that I'd like to know...*

Rod McKuen, now become an internationally acknowledged philosopher and guru of word and song, had to produce his first book himself (and sold 65,000 copies from his basement) because, as we all know, nobody loves a poet. Nobody but the millions who have bought his books, seen him on television, heard him on records. And now the visions of this spokesman for our time join with the voice of another, to mirror the universality of their emotions, their lives.

The sense of involvement, the rare communication that is the power of Sinatra, now becomes a medium in which biography and autobiography often are indistinguishable (nor are they mutually exclusive).

We know that the poems were especially composed for the singer. Sometimes, as you listen, you may wonder whether the singer himself was in a sense specially composed for this poet...

*All the beautiful strangers who held me for a night
And fell down in the darkness on pillows soft and white...*

Here are a dozen studies of a man alone. That man could be Frank Sinatra, or Rod McKuen, or you who hold this record. It could be anyone among us-even those who foolishly try to claim that loneliness has never touched their lives.

Leonard Feather



1030-2



FRANK SINATRA A MAN ALONE

The Words & Music Of McKuen

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- 1 A MAN ALONE
- 2 NIGHT
- 3 I'VE BEEN TO TOWN
- 4 FROM PROMISE TO PROMISE
- 5 THE SINGLE MAN
- 6 THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS
- 7 LONESOME CITIES
- 8 LOVE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME
- 9 EMPTY IS
- 10 OUT BEYOND THE WINDOW
- 11 SOME TRAVELING MUSIC
- 12 A MAN ALONE (Reprise)

All songs ASCAP

PRODUCED BY SONNY BURKE
Associate Producer: Rod McKuen
MUSIC ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED
BY DON COSTA



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